

THE COLLEGE CHEER

NEC PLURIBUS IMPAR.

VOL. XIV.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, MAY 6, 1922.

NO. 11.

VARSITY DAZES ALUMNI

By a Score of 15 to 4

GAME CALLED IN SIXTH INNING

In a game marked by loose fielding and heavy hitting St. Joe upset the dope, traditions and especially the Alumni by the ridiculous count of 15 to 4. The whole fray was entirely one-sided favoring the Purple and Red. Flynn, in the box for the Varsity, pitched a steady game, backed with unusual support, and fanning eight. Kasper, with his drive in the second, was to the 'Visitors' a cause of consternation.

THE GAME BY INNINGS.

FIRST INNING ALUMNI.

Purcell fanned. Moorman singled to right taking second on Neff's bad throw to Kihm. Ameling was safe when Flynn fumbled, Moorman going to third. Ameling took second, after trapping Ameling off both runners scored when Hogan heaved wild to Burden.

ST. JOE.

Lauer safe when Daley failed to get his bounder, stole second and third. Burden and Fehrenbacher walked, filling the sacks. Lauer and Burden both scored when Kasper's drive got away from Ameling, Kasper pulling up at second and Fehrenbacher at third. On a passed ball Kihm scored a minute later with a pretty drive to center. Linder fanned. Kihm moved to second on a passed ball and scored on Flynn's hit over short. Flynn taking second scored on Hogan's drive, Hogan making second on the play. Neff singled, Hogan out trying for home. Purcell to Landoll to Koenn, Lauer out to Landoll.

2 INNING. ALUMNI.

Fitzgerald safe on bad bounder to Flynn, stole second. Daley flied out to right, Neff holding Fitzgerald at second. Deery singled scoring Fitzgerald. Landoll and Purcell whiffed.

ST. JOE.

Burden grounded out to Moorman.

Fehrenbacher fanned. With the count 3 and 2. Kasper lifted a fast one over Purcell for four bases. Kihm walked and made third on a passed ball. Linder hit safely over first scoring Kihm. Linder moved up a sack when Moorman bobbled Flynn's bounder. Hogan singled again to deep center scoring both Flynn and Linder, but was run down at second Moorman to Landoll to Kallal.

3rd INNING. ALUMNI.

Moorman grounded out to Flynn. Ameling singled, Koenn sacrificed, Flynn to Kihm, Ameling stopping at second. Kallal safe on Fehrenbacher's bad throw but trouble was prevented by nipping Ameling off second, Kihm to Fehrenbacher.

ST. JOE.

Neff fanned Lauer singled and stole second. Burden walked, on an attempt double steal Koenn threw wild, Lauer scoring and Burden stopping at third. Burden counted on Fehrenbacher's sacrifice. Moorman to Deery. Kasper was safe on Landoll's fumble and swiped second, Kihm grounded out. Landoll to Deery.

4 INNING. ALUMNI.

Fitzgerald doubled, taking third on a passed ball. Daley singled scoring Fitzgerald. Deery fanned. Landoll singled. Landoll stole but was nipped off second Fehrenbacher to Burden to Hogan. Purcell struck out.

ST. JOE.

Linder grounded out to Deery, Flynn and Hogan fanned.

5 INNING. ALUMNI.

Moorman out, Hogan to Kihm. Ameling was safe on Fehrenbacher's error. Koenn hit into a double play Burden to Hogan to Kihm:

ST. JOE.

Pischke, for Neff, fanned. Lauer safe on Daley's error proceeded to a double pilfering and scored on Burden's drive to deep center. Burden advanced to third on a wild pitch. Fehrenbacher was hit by a pitched ball. Kasper (Continued on Page Eight, Col. three.)

Alumni Day

FITTINGLY CELEBRATED.

... CROWDS THROG PREMISES. ...

With the best of weather and St. Joseph's in holiday attire Alumni Day was celebrated in a fitting fashion. Tuesday night was the occasion of the elaborate Turner Program upon which the Alumni declared themselves exceptionally well pleased. On Wednesday morning a Solemn High Mass, in accordance to the feast, the Solemnity of the Patronage of St. Joseph, patron of the institution, was sung by Rev. William Sullivan, celebrant, Rev. John McCarthy, deacon, Rev. Fr. Schawl, subdeacon and Rev. John Kostic, master of ceremonies. The Very Rev. Albert Fate delivered a scholarly and lengthy discourse upon St. Joseph's guiding the Apostolic Church during the present momentous days.

The Alumni Baseball Team met the St. Joe Varsity at 9:30 the same morning. The excitement of both Alumni and students before the game was intense and made the whole fray particularly interesting. The banquet and business meeting were subsequent numbers of the afternoon hours. Rev. Maurice O'Connor, ex-president of the Association acted as toast-master in the banquet hall. The new executives of the association are: William Hanley, Pres., F. J. Diefenbach, 1st Vice Pres., Rev. Edward Freiburger, 2'd Vice Pres., Henry Hipkind, Sec'y - Treas. Messrs. John Reifers and Thomas Glennon. Rev. Joseph Bryan was selected as historian.

The balmy atmosphere and band concert of the evening's program, in company with our predecessors, many of whom were members of our own crowd made our stroll around the premises one of the happiest of the year.

TURNERS ENTERTAIN ALUMNI.

STUNTS OLD AND NEW
HOLD INTEREST
AS EVER BEFORE.

It is with intense anticipation that we have awaited the appearance of the Annual Turner Exhibit. Our dreams were fully realized on Tuesday evening when the troupe came trotting into public view. The program consisting of many former favorite gymnastic stunts and a wide variety of new ones immediately began and was continuous for the next two and a half hours. As a whole the program was a wonderful illustration of the vast accomplishments of united brain and muscle work.

The horizontal, horse and parallel plays were accomplished with ease and grace. Many diversion from the heavier nature of the program was made possible by the clever Katzenjammer Kids and the Captain. The 'Giant Swing' of 'Pop' Greenwell was quite up to our expectations in spite of the fact that he left his quarters in Dwenger Hall, not more than two hours before, to be with us. Gerald Durkin, class president of '22, appeared to show us that he had attained a high degree of perfection in wirewalking. The pyramid work this year reached a stage of unparalleled success. Special mention is justly made of Norbert Shuck, Francis Walter, Thomas McGill, Joseph Carroll, Carl Bruns, and Francis Marcotte.

The director and each performer is indeed deserving of a line of appreciation for each admirably did his part and contributed to make the whole an unlimited success.

For the benefit of the general public this program will be repeated on Sunday evening, May 7, at eight o'clock. A large audience is anticipated.

A POEM.

Now where is your strong Alumni team?

The team that couldn't be beat; —
By a terrible score of fifteen to four
They're bowing in defeat.

We'll have to admit your team is fair
As good as any before
But the talent that you played against
Sure piled up a lop-sided score.

Now just one word, Alumni Men
And I'm sure you'll say its true;
If you had a team twice as good as
ours

I think that we'd have lost too.

C. S. '22.

NEW PROSPECTUS BEING ARRANGED.

The new "prospectus" of St. Joseph's College will be quite timely. All the leading organizations of the college, as well as the various groups of students have been requested to report for picture poses, which were under the management of Mr. Yusas of the College Photo Co.

COLUMBIANS' FINAL SESSION. CLOSES DIRECTOR'S SIXTEENTH YEAR.

The C. L. S. met Sunday morning for its final session of the scholastic year, '21-'22. The feature of this meeting was the report of A. L. Sattler, critic pro-tem, on the drama Alexander III. which the society presented on the previous Sunday evening. Mr. Honan was present at the meeting and after complimenting the critic upon his very pleasing and just report, he held a brief quiz in law. Upon this, the paternal friend of the Columbian Literary Society bade farewell to the senior members of the organization and wished them Godspeed.

The meeting adjourned and was followed by a little smoker.

Long live the C. L. S., may it advance in the future as rapidly and as nobly as it has during the past sixteen years under the guidance of its present director, Father Ildephonse.

THE LIFE-STORY OF A BASE-BALL.

It was mid-winter. Mother earth was cloaked in a dense blanket of snow, the window-panes were adorned with the beauteous figures of one, Jack Frost. From the snow-covered banks of the frozen river reechoed the joyful shouts of hilarious youths who braved the cutting blasts of King Winter to enjoy the sport of skating. Five months had now elapsed since I was stored in the ware-house of A. J. Reach Co. in Philadelphia. The present outlook was to me cheery enough, but with the chirp of the robin and the odor of Spring flowers would come a new life for me, I knew.

At an early hour one bright Spring morn. I was surprised to be rudely thrown aboard a truck. After a short ride on this truck and a much longer one on the train I arrived at my destination — League Park, Cleveland, Ohio. A vague feeling then crept over me, and I began to eye the world from a far different view-point. I was now enjoying my last rest for I realized that in a few days I would be assigned to duty on the playing field.

Glancing at the advertisements in the various papers of Cleveland that fine morning of April 16th, one might have seen an ad reading: "Base-ball! League Park; 3:00 P. M. Cleveland vs. St. Louis. Tickets on sale at Pyle and Allen's drug-store." This to me

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Fear, mingled with unusual curiosity, siezed me that afternoon when a small boy, evidently the mascot, picked up the box in which I had lain with my companions for six months. Imagine my consternation when, arriving at the ball-field, I was unceremoniously deposited in a hole a few feet distant from home-plate. Unusual indeed did it feel when the fingers of an austere-looking individual called an umpire were entwined about me. "What next?" thought I, but further reflection was cut short when this important looking personage tossed me to the pitcher. Various words greeted my ears; words of command, speculation, even imprecation. Above all the din and chatter I heard distinctly the announcement: "Batteries! St. Louis, Shocker and Severeid; Cleveland, Coveleskie and O'Neill." Foreign though these names were to me, the immense crowd of spectators followed the announcement with great shouts and loud applause. The game was really to begin and I was to have my "baptism under fire."

None too greatly did I admire Coveleskie at first, for no sooner had the words "Play Ball" been announced then I was almost drenched by the saliva of this elongated pitcher. He intended to throw his famous "spitter". This ill-treatment was somewhat atoned for, however, by the soothing breezes that fanned my countenance as, unscathed, I passed Tobin's bat three times, and I soon became attached to Covey. These three vicious though fruitless swings of Tobin drew from the plucky catcher O'Neill a broad smile, which in turn served to bolster my waning courage. And this smile was mirrored in the face of Coveleskie for the big Pole was greatly pleased at the effectiveness of his "spitter."

(Continued on Page Six, Col. one.)

In Memoriam



ALUMNI BASEBALL TEAM

MAY 3, 1922

KAMPUS KOLUM.

Not that we like to be boastful over our victories, but do you remember some time ago how the Alumni acted when they won?

We noticed that all the returning boys showed signs of prosperity. We counted 57 new suits and the other one was worn only twice.

We have not yet reached the stage when they arrest the fellows for bootlegging who go to the infirmary with "sham pain."

Lets give three cheers for the boys in the band! They used enough wind in playing two days as would take a yacht around the world.

When it comes to work, the turners aren't to be sneezed at. It is hard to appreciate fully all their efforts.

TRUE MUSICIANSHIP.

ORATORIO.

A composition consisting of solos and concerted pieces for voices, the theme of which it is taken from the Bible or from sacred history. The name arose from the fact that St. Philip Neri gave discourses intermingled with music in his oratory about the middle of the sixteenth century. The term ORATORIO is also used for secular works written on the same plan such as Haydn's "Seasons," but is manifestly inappropriate. The ORATORIO is descended from those middle-age dramatic performances founded on biblical and moral themes, known as mysteries, moralities, or miracle plays. It took its rise about the same time as the opera, from which it differs chiefly in that it affords an opportunity for the highest developments of the contrapuntal art, whereas the opera is essentially monodic. The ORATORIO has not gone through the manifold changes and diversities that have marked the development of the opera, nor has it attracted anything like the number of composers that had devoted themselves to the opera. The first writer of any prominence in this field was Carissimi. He was followed by A. Scarlatti; then Haendel appeared and stamped for all time the form of the ORATORIO. His great contemporary, Bach, equaled, if he did not surpass him, but in a different style. Haendel has but two successors worthy to be named with him, — Haydn and Mendelssohn, each of whom has stamped a new character on the ORATORIO without descending from the high plane on which this class of composition should stand. The taste for the oratorio seems to be on the wane, as no composer of any mark of late years devoted his attention to it.

(Continued on Page Seven.)

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Collegeville, Ind., May 6, 1922.

EDITORIALS.

Mother's Day.

"A mother is a mother still
The holiest thing alive."

Mother's Day, — is there anyone on this vast earth that would not commemorate this great day. Nations appoint days for the commemoration of some great victory of special achievement, for the glorification of a national hero, but the greatest and most sublime of all earthly creatures a nation and individuals often forget.

Mother — what a wealth of happy thoughts come to our minds when we but mention her name. Our filial souls again hear her sing those little ballad songs that ever yet subdue the nursery voices. We think of the fond maternal heart, with constant love; that sweet and ever tender disposition, yea, we see God's angel on whose bosom's shrine our infant griefs were gently laid to rest.

Sage and bard have not taught us lesson so valuable, dear as those our mother impressed upon us in our youth. With a firm mind, strong soul, and tender heart she has given those faithful precepts which have formed our character and made us what we are.

It is but the outpouring of a loving soul, while we with fond thought think of her merits, that praises gush from our filial souls.

My just homage to thy name, oh mother, thy virtues trained me, let praise be thine.

Alumni.

The present week witnessed St. Joe in holiday attire. — The occasion was Alumni Day — The annual homecoming day of St. Joe's sons. The Alumni attended in force; their select baseball team played the present St. Joe Varsity; they sat and enjoyed with us the sparkling exhibition of gymnastics; but a far greater joy was theirs — the renewal of college acquaintances, the treading once more upon the soil where they are said to have spent their happiest days.

As boys, as students within the boundries of the institution they were helpless individuals, individuals striving for a destined goal. Times are now changed. We succeed them in the college, they reap the fruit of years of hard labor. — In a little while our places will be filled and we as Alumni will be thrilled by St. Joe a real entertainer.

Is Radio a Fad?

"Radio is a fad and while the public at present have gone wild about Radio and everything connected with it, it will soon wear off like all other fads." — To prove that radio is not a fad, that it is here to stay, to grow and to be the most tremendous success the electrical world has yet seen, is easily proved, in more than a hundred different ways.

In the first place Radio entertainment broadcasted as it is today from the various stations, is life itself. When you go to the moving picture show, when you listen to a phonograph concert you are always conscious of the fact that neither is alive. Radio on the contrary is pulsating life itself. Why is the telephone used more than the telegraph? One reason is that the telephone is a live instrument while the telegraph is not. You converse with your friend by telephone, you hear his voice the same as if you were face to face with him. That is one reason why Radio will never be a fad, but become dearer and closer to us as the years roll by.

"You pay for everything." is the slogan of the ordinary man. Here is something for nothing, and that is exactly why Radio has become so popular, but that is not all.

In the rush of the large cities and in the doings of these places, two-thirds of the population of the world busy themselves throughout the day. Do these people wish to return to the city from their comfortable homes in the evening for entertainment? No, this is another reason why Radio has taken a hold upon this country and

others. That Radio is taking on undreamed of proportions may be shown by this unexpected way. In one of the leading dramatic periodicals it has been stated that managers of leading theater circuits have threatened to dismiss any singer, actor, or actress who gives Radio entertainments from broadcasting stations. This proves that the managers of vaudeville and other entertainments are afraid of Radio, because they see ruin staring them in the face. Nonsense! One of the musical comedy's producing company, broadcasted their play from the Westinghouse, Newark station. The following week the attendance was greater than ever. After hearing the play by Radiophone naturally, in the majority of cases a desire was created to see the actors in person.

At the late meeting of the International Radio League, it was agreed upon that an international Radio language should be devised so as to eliminate the difficulties of amateur and commercial stations in receiving news by Radio from all parts of the world. It was also stated by Mr. Nolly, president of the league, that he saw no reason why every school should not have Radio sets installed, so as to afford students and teachers a first hand means of receiving all news events of importance.

These are ample proofs to show that Radio is here to stay. The Radio industry will soon rival that of the automobile, not mentioning the other sources of use that Radio affords.

J. P. Dierkes, '24.

PRIZE ESSAYS DUE.

The Alumni Essay Medal is about to be awarded to some fortunate St. Joe student. The prize contest is open to all students of the various classes and closes next Wednesday evening May 10. During the business session of the Alumni Association, this week, Fathers McCarthy, Seimetz and Macher C. PP. S. were appointed judges of the contest. Their decision is expected within a few weeks.

CLASS OF '22 MEET.

The applicants for graduation met on Sunday April 30, for the purpose of choosing their motto and class flower. The prevailing vote made "Vincit, qui patitur" the motto. The class flower is Red Carnation. Further arrangements for the Commencement Exercises were discussed.

**OUR MISSION UNIT.
NO. 3.
STUDENT ACHIEVEMENT.**

But some will say, "It is easy to arouse youth to great enthusiasms. Young people are readily stirred, and it is true that they have fine visions, but are they not ephemeral? What do they accomplish?" Our answer may seem to start at a remote point, but it is nevertheless clear.

Let us proceed to ask our questioner, "What would you that they should accomplish in three short years?" If the answer to this be anything within reason, we feel certain we can satisfy him. The first thing we set out to do was to awaken the interest of Catholic students in Catholic missions. It is safe to say that before the Catholic Students' Missions Crusade was founded, comparatively few of our students outside of missionary communities, knew anything of missions. Of course, they were aware that the Church is "Catholic" both in time and space, that it has representatives in all lands, and that these all teach one and the same faith. But the nearest contact they had was the occasional visit of some bearded foreigner who told in broken English something of the life in his far-away station, and for whom the pastor exhorted a liberal offering.

It is true there were notable exceptions. There were places like Brigh-

Continued on Page Eight, Col 1.)



Barone: "If I had a race horse I'd name him money."

Field: "Why so?"

Barone: "Well money is about the fastest thing to go I know of."

Teacher: "Paul Reed: what happened on July 4, 130 years ago?"

Paul: "I dunno, I ain't but 14."

Mother fly, as she settled down on a perspiring bald head: "My but the dew is falling early tonight."

"That soots me, said the chimney as a gust of wind blew down from above."

Customer: "See here waiter I found a button in the salad."

Waiter: "Yes, sir: That's a part of the dressing."

"Can't you keep a secret?"

"I am as silent as the tomb."

I need to borrow some money "don't worry. It is as though I never heard it."

"What are you doing?"

"Burning Poe's poems. He was a nature faker."

"Ravens never sit just above chamber doors criak 'Nevermore.'"

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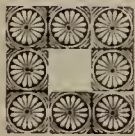
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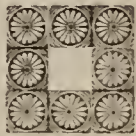
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THE LIFE-STORY OF A BASEBALL.

(Continued from Page Three.)

Again I felt his lengthy fingers wrapped about me. He raised me over his head, then with a jerky motion delivered me to the batter, Ellerbe. As I passed the batter I received a severe knock, a glancing blow. "Foul Ball, Strike One!" On my next trip to the plate Coveleskie exercised mercy and pitched me so wide that even had Ellerbe tried he could not have touched me. 'Twas then that I met Covey's stern looks and began to fear. A sudden crashing blow, and I was spinning through the air towards Left Field. No sympathy did I receive from Jamieson who hastily snatched me up and again sent me whirling through the air back to the pitcher. "Am I never to have a moment's rest?", thought I.

Icy-cold shivers rushed down my back as I saw the mighty Sisler stride to the plate, intent upon defeating the Cleveland team, the worthy representatives of his native state. Moved by pity of over-confidence he vigilantly watched me float by, and was punished with 'one strike.' On my next ride to the plate, however, he hit me squarely, and when I had recovered Sisler was smiling at me from Third Base. But I was in no mood to return his smile. That blow I'll never forget.

With a forceful swing Jacobson attempted to duplicate Sisler's feat, but he rapped me to Joey Sewell, who with lightning rapidity threw me to First Base, retiring the side.

Urban Shocker, who lends a helping hand to the St. Louis Browns by twirling for them, was chosen to pitch against the city that gave him birth. After being passed between Shocker and the catcher I noticed, with a peculiar sensation, Jamieson,

who treated me so roughly before, stride to the plate. As this player is known as the best "lead off" man in base-ball I had abundant reasons to fear for my already weakened constitution. But all for naught, for he was awarded a base-on-balls.

Wamby, anxious to show his affection for his home-town, then stepped to the plate. I received a cruel tap from his bat and in the twinkling of an eye found myself in the hands of short stop Gerber. The latter tossed me to the second-baseman for a force out.

I was really beginning to enjoy the excitement, having become somewhat habituated to this harsh treatment. Bright indeed did my prospects appear; gloomy did they become, however, when looking up I beheld a silver-haired veteran confidently approaching the batter's box — and still more gloomy when his stern, inflexible eyes peered out at me. It was Tris Speaker. An abrupt, stinging rap, and I knew no more for a few seconds. Tristram, true to form, had dealt me a powerful blow that drove me against the flag-poll with stunning force. The scorer called it a tripple.

Imagine my dismay when McInnis, 'cleaning-up' man, selected his favorite bat and approached the plate. Would not this end all? Fate seemingly would not have it so; I was to be spared once more. Shocker wisely threw me out of McInnis' reach and it was with extreme delight that I discerned the batter's disappointment.

Joey Sewell, the plucky short-stop with the genial Alabama smile, next faced me. A mere tap did I receive from Joey, and I rolled very slowly towards Third Base. A new experience for me! "Such varied thrills" thought I, "certainly could not be en-

joyed by other beings." In some manner or other, perhaps for the sake of variety, Gardner graciously fanned my bruised sides, then walked dejectedly to the bench.

Once more I was the recipient of a broad smile, this time from Shocker. A wonderful stimulant indeed for my fast-ebbing spirits! Just then I spied a new acquaintance advancing to the plate. They called him "Smoky" Joe Wood. When the pitcher raised me over his head once more, to deliver me to this batter, a buoyant disposition came over me. As I rode through the air I felt unusually jolly, when — Crash! The world appeared as a huge blank to me; my sides felt sadly mutilated. And when I awoke I saw naught over me save the azure dome of Heaven,, studded with innumerable twinkling stars, while the moon, pursuing its nocturnal course, beamed brightly upon me.

From my surroundings I gathered that I was doomed to spend the rest of my days peacefully in my present position of rest — the roof of an apartment building. That evening various shouts of joy ascended from the streets below. Again and again I heard such cries as: "Hurrah for Speaker's boys! They've beaten the Browns again!" Then it was with throbbing heart I remembered the broad smile of Shocker, my final journey to the plate, and my informal introduction to the trusty bat of "Smoky" Joe Wood.

And now I am wondering how long it will be till that little red-haired youngster that lives down on the Third Floor will find me up here in my peaceful abode. After all, I love the active life out in the open, even if it does mean one blow and knock after the other. And why shouldn't I since I am, — well, just a - base-ball.

A. H. Ratterman, '24.

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TRUE MUSICIANSHIP.

(Continued from Page Three.)

OPERA.

A combination of music and drama in which the music is not merely incidental, but the predominant element. The opera originated in an attempt to revive what was supposed to be the manner in which the classic Greek drama was performed. The efforts of the group of musical enthusiasts who made this attempt culminated in the production of "Euridice," in 1600, the first Italian opera ever performed in public. The ground being broken, new cultivators soon appeared, and the new plant grew rapidly. Peri, the composer of "Euridice" was succeeded first by Gagliano, then by Monteverde, — one of the great names in music. In his hands the opera developed with extraordinary rapidity. Before the close of the 17th. century a host of opera writers appeared, led by Scarlatti. The next important development in the form of opera was made by Lulli, the court-musician of Louis XIV. No very striking advance was now made until Haendel appeared. He did little in the way of developing form, but infused so much genius into the received form that it gave it a new life. In this respect Haendel resembled Mozart, who at a later stage of the development of the opera, was quite satisfied to take the received form, which his genius sufficed to make immortal. The first decided departure from the traditional form was made by Gluck, whose theory of dramatic music was strongly akin to the modern theory of Wagner. The opera since Mozart, has grown with so much luxuriance, in such a diversity of forms, that even a slight sketch of it would be impossible in our limits.

BAND CONCERTS RESUMED.

It was with no small amount of pleasure that the students on Sunday, April 30, listened to the first of the concerts given this year by the college band. The organization under the direction of Prof. Paul Tonner has attained a perfection unequalled in the history of this college. The diverse number of selections on the programs make them ever interesting and educational. The strains bustle, they glow, they inspire yet never transcend the modesty of art.

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OUR MISSION UNIT.

(Continued from Page Five, Col. 1.)
ton Seminary, for example, where missionary zeal was at a high pitch, but they were not the rule. The Crusade has changed all this. Through its tireless efforts there is to-day scarcely an institution of higher learning in the United States or Canada which has not heard of the needs of the missions. And information is the first step towards interest. Interest is the next step towards enthusiasm, and enthusiasm with a North American means action.

This has issued in several directions. First, foremost, and of the greatest importance, the Crusade has led to a far greater spiritual support for missions. This it has emphasized "in season, out of season." And right royally have the students responded. Spiritual works for the missions are now reported by the millions. Single Units not infrequently report several hundred thousands such in a single quarter. The students of a Jesuit scholasticate, for example whose every minute is regulated by schedule, find time to make each of their prescribed exercises and good works count by directing them missionwards.

Where there's a will, there's a way — and the Crusade arouses the will. If it has achieved nothing but this in the last three years it would have abundantly justified all the time, thought, and monetary expenditure it has taken. For without prayer no sacrifice is availing, no millions of dollars can accomplish aught.

But of paramount importance as is spiritual assistance, there is the still needful phase of latertial support. Students are proverbially "hard up." For the most part they have no sources of income, merely allowance with which they must meet a multitude of needs. Hence we naturally do not look for great sums of money from them. And for this very reason, money given by them takes on the nature of sacrifice more readily. Hence when it was reported to the Third General Convention that within the year previous more than \$85,000 had been sent by the members of the Crusade to the various mission agencies, it was felt that this was no mean achievement in itself, and of course it is but a beginning. When we have won to the cause all our students, and parochial school children instead of the three per cent we have so far en-

listed, what may we not expect.

The Crusade is now able to make its appeal, not upon its ideal, its vision alone, but upon the solid ground of student achievement. Its record is an enviable one, and it believes it is destined to be the "Little leaven which leaveneth the whole lump." It invites the cooperation of everyone who believes in the Catholic religion, and it feels it has a right to expect it.

Druffle: "That Pius Mutter is unusually stingy."

Hennes: "I should say. Why, he wouldn't laugh at a joke unless it was at somebody else's expense."

King of all the Cannibals: "Pleased to m—eat you."

ALUMNI GAME.

(Continued from Page One, Col. 2.)

sacrificed, Daley to Deery, Fehrenbacher making third while Burden counted, Kihm out, Moorman to Deery.

6 INNING. ALUMNI.

Kallal was safe when Fehrenbacher plggled. Fitzgerald hit into double play, Linder to Hogan to Kihm. Daley ended by striking out.

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